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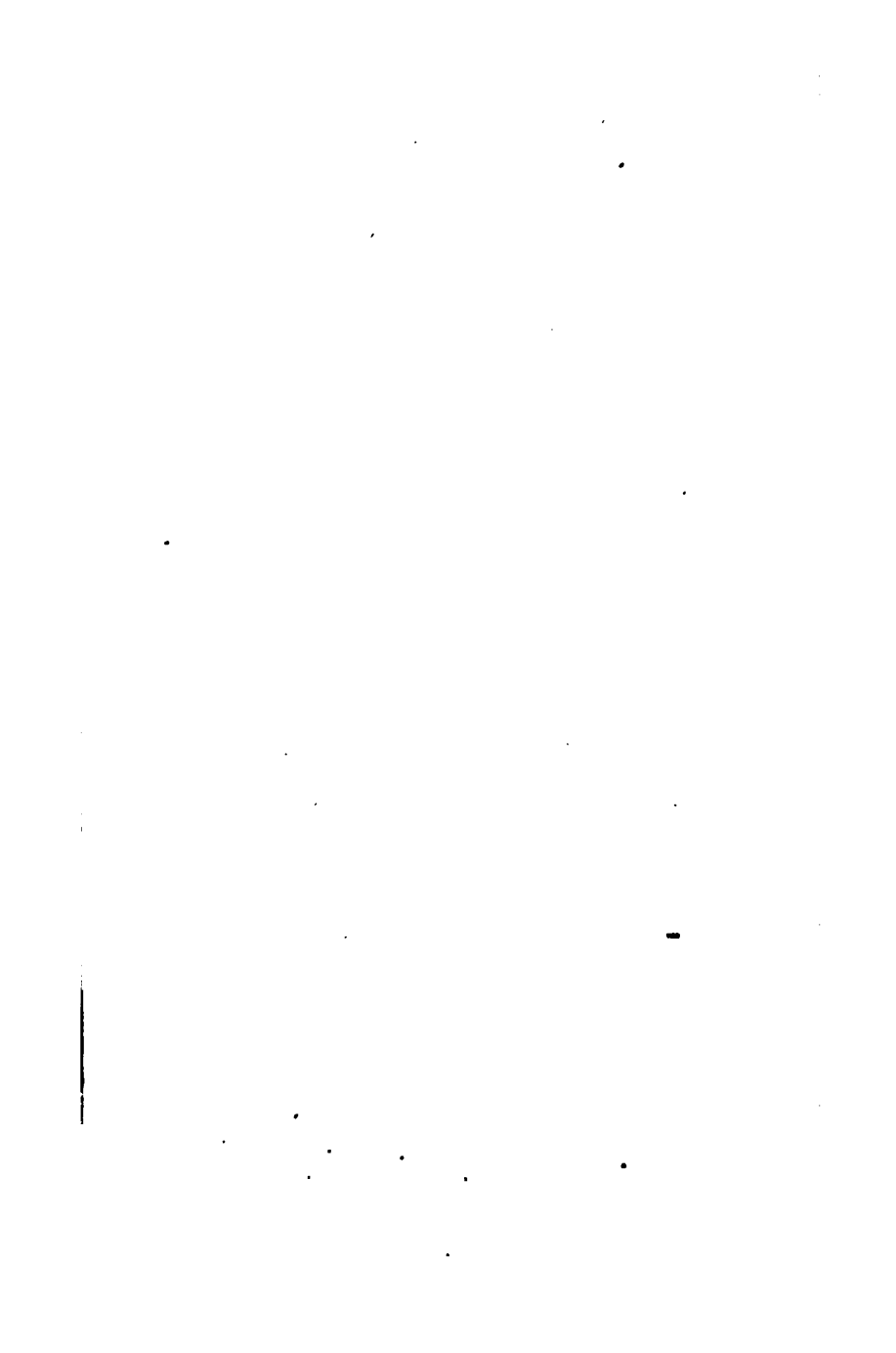


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Poems,

LYRICAL, DIDACTIC, AND ROMANTIC.

BY

M. H. G. CRUIKSHANK.

"In dem Herzen's heilig stille Räume
Muß Du fliehen aus dem Leben's Drang;
Freiheit ist nur in dem Reich der Träume
Und die Schöne, blüht nur im Gesang."—*Schüler.*

"Fly from the toil-distracting cares of Earth,
To the Heart's holy and retired Domain;
For Fancy is the Land of Freedom's birth,
And Beauty blossoms in the Minstrel's strain."

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TO
THE MEMORY
OF

M. C.,

THE BEST AND GENTLEST OF MOTHERS,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY THE

AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE following publication has been written at different periods of the Author's life, both in childhood and in later years. It has been a source of much solace to her in many a weary hour. May it gladden some who need the harmony of the ideal as well as the real!



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Ode to Spring.

IN IMITATION OF PINDAR.

I.

THERE is a voice in Nature, and a power
To call up from the grave each sleeping flower ;
To substance, shadow, form, and hue unite,
Or over all to cast a veil of light.

Now, silver warblings wake the silvan towers,
And carols melt o'er shadowy fields of gold,

Music-breathing Spring behold,
Smiling 'mid rose-tap'stried bowers,
Beautiful in rural state,
Clust'ring groups elaborate,
Moulding blossoms picturesque,
Chaste and rare as arabesque,
Glides up the rosy Spring.

B

II.

From Nature's fountain faint revealings come,
Like distant breathings from a higher home,
Upon whose surface, clear as shining glass,
Oft-times celestial shadows seem to pass.
All lovely forms that throng the spheric land
Are plastic models of one great design,
 Pròtotypes of love Divine,
Moulded by a perfect hand ;
Earnests of an after-state,
And a power to re-create
Man, from types and shadows dim,
Fair as wingèd cherubim,
 Smiled on by endless Spring.

The Mourner.

I HAVE seen man's glory pass away,
The warrior's plume laid low,
And the brilliant bloom of youth decay
In its first, fairest glow.

I have seen the day that proudly rose
In sunshine and in mirth,
Grow dark and low'ring towards its close,
And blight the hopes of earth.

I have laid the young down side by side
In the same silent grave,
For they faded in their spirit's pride,
The lovely and the brave.

And I said then, in bitter grief,
 To sorrow man is born ;
For autumn brings its with'ring leaf,
 The summer rose its thorn.

But a voice spoke that grief was given
 To try thy faith and fear ;
And, would'st thou share the bliss of Heav'n,
 'Tis faith must guide thee here.

Palestine:

A SACRED POEM.

O EARTH, in adoration silent be !
Prepare to keep the solemn jubilee ;
Thy carnage, discord, labours, revels cease,
The world be one vast family of peace,
And hail, with universal glance above,
The heav'nly anniversary of love !
Celestial theme ! once so divinely sung
When Judah's hills with angels' music rung.
Come cherub-choir, invisible, attend !
And to the muse immortal rapture lend.
Heav'nly the season. Heav'n my soul inspire ;
To harmony awake the sacred lyre ;
Loud let the full ethereal chorus swell,
And be the song a lay of Israel !

Hail, Palestina ! hail, benighted land !
Alien from God ! prey to the spoiler's hand.
Enclosed within the ruthless grasp of fate,
How mournful art thou in thy widow'd state.
The stormy waves of ages ebb and flow,
But find thee still magnificent in woe.
Throughout the pictur'd folio of time,
No scene so beautiful, so sad as thine !
And once how glorious, when, at God's behest,
His statutes were confided to thy breast ;
When seers inspired, and by Divine command,
Shower'd wisdom on thy consecrated land ;
And when the world, with reverential fear,
Look'd for thy God and Monarch to appear ;
When unto thee the oracles were giv'n,
Standing among the nations nearest heav'n,
And the full glory of the God-head shone
Upon the land of Israel alone !
Well might surrounding nations look to thee,
Predestin'd country from eternity !

And Asia's splendour, Sheba's queenly state,
As handmaids on thy royal presence wait.
Then was the festal day ; the harp was strung,
And the sweet melodies of Zion sung,
While notes of exultation, silver-clear,
From Judah's daughter, burst upon the ear.
Land of the olive-groves, and orange-bow'rs !
The pomegranate, and fragrant-breathing flow'rs,
Before whose vine-clad hills the valleys bend,
And to the landscape graceful beauty lend ;
Land of the rock-girt hills, and sterile plains !
Where nature fades, and desolation reigns,
And Jordan drags his pale and feeble wave
Until engulph'd in an asphaltic grave ;
Land of the cormorant and vulture rise !
Appear once more before the muse's eyes,
Clad in that ancient splendour which recalls
Salem's high state, and her embattl'd walls.
Yonder is Lebanon ! whose stately height,
Glorious of old, attracts the eager sight,

Where, borne aloft upon the mountain-breeze,
The eagles soar above the cedar trees.
Dazzling the radiance of his icy crest ! *
Where winter's snows perpetually rest.
A flowing mantle on his shoulders seen,
Is Spring, in shades of ever-varying green ;
While, festive-like, with fruits and flow'rets crown'd,
Rejoicing Autumn on his breast is found—
Beneath whose beautiful and peaceful steep,
In fruitful splendour, golden Summer sleeps.
Mount Tabor's ruggèd summit now survey,
Where Barak's hosts were marshall'd in array
Against the tyrant who, with power unjust,
Had trod the flower of Israel to the dust.
Then God, the champion of His people, rose,—
Jehovah's flaming sword defied their foes,—
And the commander of the Canaan band
Bow'd down and fell, beneath a woman's hand.

* Mount Lebanon.

Look westward, and in contemplation greet
That laurell'd hill, the Man of God's retreat :
Behold, still beautiful, the holy shade
On Carmel-mount, where Israel's prophet pray'd.
Ascend the heights of Zion, and behold
Her marble tow'rs and minarets of gold,
The sumptuous palaces, and stately halls,
Bound by the ramparts of her glorious walls.
Was it a nameless vision, or a dream,
That blaze of glory, gorgeous and supreme ?
Upon whose surface, like a sea of light,
Aërial rose, a structure vast and bright.
High, sparkling galleries were rang'd around
The courts and porches of its hallow'd ground ;
Light, lustrous towers, in Heav'n's pure sapphire shone,
That pav'd the footstool of th' Eternal Throne.
The Temple of the God of Israel view,
Pure as the snow of Lebanon in hue,
Within whose hallowed courts his people bow,
Which, like a halo, gilds the mountain's brow.

Gaze on that wondrous master-piece of art ;
Transfer its holy beauty to thy heart,
And bathe the senses in celestial light,
Until the Heav'n-born soul, serene and bright,
Loses all taint of earth, and soars above
On wings of faith, irradiate with love.
Drink deeply of the spirit of the past
Mosaic age, when festival and fast,
The Levite's sacred trump, the voice of song,
Bade Israel's children to the Temple throng :
Then let thy heart resolve itself in prayer,
And build, invisible, an altar there,
Adorn'd with knowledge, charity, and love,
Exotics gather'd from the bow'rs above.
Predestin'd land, whose doom the angels mourn !
Divine Judea, unto Heaven return !
Salvation is at hand. Redeem thy fate !
And earth shall own thou art not desolate.
Turn now to Bethlehem thy weeping eyes,
Zion ! behold the Star and Sceptre rise !

Go forth, and seek the Son of the Most High ;
The Prince of Peace, the Counsellor is nigh.
No off'ring save a broken spirit bring.
Jerusalem ! prepare to meet thy King !
Alas ! thy heart in loftiness disdains
To hail the heavenly ones in Bethl'm's plains ;
Thou wilt not robe thee in a bride's attire
Because no Bridegroom's chariot-wheels of fire
Come rolling thro' the golden gates of heaven,
And thou refusest still to be forgiven !
Because no angel-forms around thee stand,
Nor heav'nly warriors muster in the land,
And no Archangel's voice, of God-like mirth,
Proclaims to heav'n and earth a Saviour's birth ;
Because no miracle attracts thy sight,
And earth dissolves not in ethereal light.
In vain for thee the Morning Star has beamed,
Jerusalem, thou wilt not be redeem'd !
Because the elements no signal gave
That the Deliv'rer was at hand to save,

And thou no heavenly armament could see,
Arrayed in triumph, on a sapphire sea ;
Because no pealing thunderbolts were hurl'd,
No earthquake's shock disorganis'd the world,
No raptured seraphs, robed in glory bright,
Delug'd the moon and stars in floods of light,
And no cherubic myriads throng'd to sound
The trump of jubilee on Judah's ground,
Except the angels who, to lowly hearts,
Alone recited their celestial parts,
And to the humble guardians of the fold,
But not to *thee*, their glorious secret told,
Thou would'st not bend thy scornful glance to greet
The infant Saviour, cradled at thy feet !
Lofty Jerusalem ! the Branch shall be
" A stumbling-block and an offence to thee ! "

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Not in the princely courts where splendour waits,
And not within th' Eternal City's gates,

Nor yet where flowery vales join Zion-hill,
Majestic throne of her high citadel,—
At little Bethlehem, in lowly shade,
The Holy Family a home have made.
In simple state, and unadorn'd array,
The Royal Babe in shiny slumber lay.
There, keeping vigil o'er her Lord and child,
In orison behold the Virgin mild!
High, holy thoughts to the blest maid are giv'n,
In loving unison with earth and heav'n.
Hail, holy mother of a babe Divine,
High-favoured bride! daughter of David's line!
For evermore thy purity shall be,
Star of the Ocean of Eternity!
The dread usurper trembles on his throne:—
“Is this my sceptre? Is this crown my own?
Summon the Sanhedrim! Ye elders, tell
Who reigns anointed King of Israel?
Say, who is he whose coming sages hail,
Before whose advent Salem's children quail?”

If born beneath my territorial sway,
 This arm shall frustrate, and this hand shall slay."
 The sentence has gone forth without appeal,
 Yet Christ is rescued from the tyrant's steel,
 Tho' for a time a wanderer He must be,
 From lone Ægyptus to far Galilee.

.

A feast is held in Salem, and the poor
 Gather in groups around the Temple door ;
 Where multitudes Moriah-mount ascend,
 The sacred family their footsteps bend.
 The dissertations of the Rabbis o'er,
 One rose and spake as man ne'er spake before ;
 The Heir of Heav'n, in the first days of youth,
 Perplexed the learned with revealed truth,
 And, by his understanding of the law,
 Excited admiration, love, and awe.

.

The stream of time glides on its winding way,
And Israel groans beneath the Roman sway.
Where now thy King, O Zion, sent to save
Thy sons from exile, and a threat'ning grave ?
Where now the Mighty One, whose light should be
An everlasting sun and moon to thee,
"Till Salem's courts in matchless glory blaze,
Her walls salvation, and her portals praise" ?
Alas ! in Judah's vineyard all unknown,
He treads the wine-press of his wrath alone.
Proclaim the dread intelligence aloud ;
Prepare the sepulchre, unwind the shroud.
The world, since merging from chaotic gloom,
Ne'er look'd on such a woe-unrivall'd tomb.
From that incomprehensible abode,
Known only as the dwelling-place of God,
From far eternity his chosen came,
A God in pow'r, a man in form and name ;
His glorious attributes and heavenly mien
Conceal'd beneath the lowly Nazarene.

“Behold ! adore and reverence in the Lord !
The Morning Star and the Incarnate Word ” !
He came his lofty mission to fulfil,
To execute the Everlasting will.
By love to man, and power to conquer hell,
He proved himself to be Emmanuel.
But who can paint the agonizing hour,
When all creation own'd the Godhead's pow'r ?
Heav'n wore her mourning-robe, and there the sun
Withdrew his light as when the day is done ;
The universe his sacred footsteps trod,
Shar'd the last anguish of the Son of God.

Bid Zion's mourning daughters spices bring ;
Jerusalem has crucified her King !
And 'whelm'd within the darkness of the tomb
The Christ who wept o'er her impending doom.
Go now to seek Him in his stony prison !
Hear angels whisper that “ the Lord is risen ; ”
That, from the terrors of the silent grave,
His holy hand and arm the victory gave,

And that in heav'n, with sacerdotal sway,
Messiah reigns until the final day.

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Dark broods the storm o'er Zion's flow'ry steep ;
E'er yet it burst, weep, virgin daughter, weep !
The angry blast sweeps o'er thee from afar,
Wielding the scourge of pestilence and war.
Almighty pow'r shall measure out thy woes,
Avenging angels mercy's portals close ;
And as when Eden's golden age had fled,
Blest hour of innocence, when virtue shed
Her rosy fragrance on the joyous air,
When love was holy, and each thought a prayer,
Lo ! warlike angels forth unseen shall fly,
Armed with the thunders of thy destiny,
Dark'ning thy land with vapours from the tomb,
Blighting thy beauty with sepulchral gloom :
The shriek of anguish, and the long lament,
Shall speak the horrors of thy punishment.

Internal discord, and the spoilers' steel,
These are the judgments that thy soul shall feel.

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Hark ! borne upon the breezes from afar,
The trumpet's blast ! On rolls the tide of war.
Angels no more the gates of Zion keep.
Thy towers shall fall ! Weep, virgin daughter, weep !
E'en now the eagle-ensigns are unfurl'd,*
And Titus boasts his conquests to the world.
Ambitious of renown, the hero came,
Imperial Rome, to rival Salem's fame !
Behold her hosts, in martial splendour set,
To guard the heights of fair Mount Olivet !
Behold the splendour of their blazing shields,
Bright with the trophies of a thousand fields.
Jehoshaphat immers'd in light appears,
Kedron is gleaming with unnumbered spears ;

* Livy i. 11.

Engines of war on every side resound,
And Gentile warriors tread on Jewish ground.
Proud Salem falls beneath th' invader's hands,
But, glorious still, her wondrous Temple stands.
Zion ! before thee desolation's path !
Onwards ! and drink thy crowning cup of wrath.
Onwards ! the harvest of thy woes to reap.
Thy fane shall fall ! Daughter of Judah, weep !
Afar the kindling conflagration see !
Fulfilment of the dread Divine decree !
The atmosphere with hurling missiles teems,
And Mount Moriah a volcano seems.
The war-cry ceas'd, resounds o'er hill and dale
The voice of agony, the long death-wail !
There silence, that dead language of despair,
Is found embalm'd in the sulphureous air.
Salem's surviving hearts are chill'd with fear ;
Parch'd is the source whence flows emotion's tear.
Relentless unbelief, and wild unrest,
Like sickly phantoms, have usurped her breast.

Sublime in desolation she is seen,
Without a diadem, a fallen Queen !
The law fulfill'd, still clouds of vengeance roll,
While distant thunders seem to mourn her soul.

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A voice has sooth'd chaotic Europe's ear,*
For Christians flows the universal tear.
Nations in sacred brotherhood are sworn,
And, waving high, redemption's sign is borne.
In gorgeous panoply their myriads move,
Salem their watch-word, and their banner Love.
Pilgrims shall seek the holy shrine again,
Unscathed by persecution and disdain ;
Again the cross-crown'd Calvary ascend,
In dark Gethsemane adoring bend.
Heav'n's vengeance upon him who slights the cause
Of God, and violates the Christian laws.

* Peter the Hermit.

Europa's champions, in victorious war,
Shall wrest from him the deadly scimeter,
Who from the heights of independence hurl'd .
The fairest nations of the Eastern world.
From Saracen, and dread barbaric horde,
They come to save the city of the Lord ;
Beneath her feet her haughty foes to lay,
And break the iron yoke of Thracian sway.
Fountain of hope ! thy honour to redeem,
They bathe their falchions in thy sainted stream.
The Christian's triumph is the Moslem's loss,
And the pale Crescent fades before the Cross.
Lo ! child-like faith, and child-like reverence, now
Invalidate Mahomet's rigid vow,
Refute the Koran, and, with angel-hand,
Restore the olive-branch to Israel's land.

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But transient beam'd those days of halcyon prime ;
No day of grace dawn'd on the Syrian clime.

Zion, an outcast, languish'd, unforgiv'n,
Beneath the dread anathema of Heav'n.

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Yet shall the waste uplift the joyful voice,
Israel exult, and ev'ry heart rejoice.

“ How beautiful the feet of those who bring
To Zion tidings from her Heav'nly King ! ”

Who came the captive daughter to release,
Their goal Salvation, and their herald Peace !

The Sun of Love shall gild the orient skies,
An everlasting morning shall arise,

Heav'n's crystal dews refresh the thirsty plain,
The desert, like the rose, shall bloom again,

To fading nature beauty be restored,

And Canaan smile, the Garden of the Lord.

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A little while, and, from the realms of light,
Day shall dispel the darkness of the night ;

A little while, and, lo ! a voice from far,
The root of David, and the Morning Star !
Come for innumerable worlds, proclaim
Thou art redeem'd, for thou hast own'd my name.
Zion ! arise, for surely I will be
An everlasting morning unto thee.
Come ! for already countless myriads sing
The ceaseless praises of thy God and King.
Voices of waters, mighty thund'rings say,
Give honour to the Lamb ; " Write, blest are they
Who rise to reign at the Redeemer's side,
One with the Spirit and the Spirit's Bride."
Break forth in beauty ! Let thy heart rejoice
Before the Lord, fair city of his choice !
The Lion of the Tribe of Judah brings
Salvation ! on his everlasting wings.

Invocation to the Flowers.

RADIANT children of summer come !

I'll weave ye with my song,
And welcome ye to my spirit's home,
O bright and fairy throng !

Forsake your gay and golden bow'rs,
Glad summer's fleeting day,
And I will welcome thee, fair flow'rs,
To blossom in my lay.

Come, lovely rose, no longer waste
Thy fragrance on the air,
Nor woo the beam that once embrac'd
Thee, in thy beauty there.

Fair violet, why wilt thou conceal
Thine innocent, soft bloom ?
While only zephyr's light reveal
Thy delicate perfume.

From your cold dwellings now depart,
The scene of transient mirth,
And ye shall live upon my heart,
O lovely flowers of earth !

“ Call us not from our native home,
Nor from our summer sky ;
On earth we were not born to roam ;
In constancy we die.”

The Poet's Bride.

UPON fair Ocean's vast expanse,
And sparkling azure tide,
The Poet cast a loving glance,
And woo'd her for his bride.

But Ocean, calm, in beauty bright,
His urgent suit denied :—
“With Earth alone may I unite,
Go, seek another bride.”

Then to the Firmament above,
Whose jewell'd beauty shone,
The Poet rais'd his looks of love,
And sued her for his own.

But Heav'n alike his offer spurn'd,
And, with a lofty frown,
Replied, " My love can ne'er be earn'd,
For I am not my own."

Then, chafed rejected thus to be,
To Fame the Poet flew :—
" Fair daughter ! give thy hand to me,
And let the bond be true."

Fame answer'd thus, with radiant smile :—
" The Poet's bride I'll be ;
His heart to cheer, his woes beguile,
My task eternally."

But she forgot her early love,
And brake the nuptial tie :
'Twas then the Poet rais'd above
A calm, inquiring eye.

He turn'd him from the outward show
Of beauty, fame, and sin,
And learn'd the holiest truth to know—
That beauty dwells within.

He kneel'd, and pray'd. An angel then
Appear'd to him, and cried,
"Be God supremely lov'd by men,
And Truth the Poet's Bride!"

A Lyric.

A DREAM.

At evening's lone and moonlit hour,
I gaz'd upon the sea ;
When the breeze swept o'er tree and flow'r,
In sweetest harmony.

When joyous birds their soft tones gave,
I thought alone of thee,
And wish'd that the bright, dashing wave,
Could call thee back to me.

And then I saw upon that sea
A vessel proudly glide,
And heard thy dear voice calling me
From the far-flowing tide.

I breath'd a welcome from the shore,
And saw thy dark eye beam ;
I heard thee say, " We part no more ! "
I woke—it was a dream !

.

A Lyric.

THE EXILE.

AFAR, and sever'd from mankind,
My stream of life flows on ;
For, like a breath of balmy wind,
My joyous hours have gone.

Yet, on the breeze, and o'er the sea,
Are soft, sweet voices borne,
That join, in plaintive melody,
The exile's fate to mourn.

And Love, from the dark, briny wave,
That sparkles fresh and free,
Speaks thus :—" The treasure that thou gave
Is echoed back to thee.

“ Still, o’er the bounding azure sea,
And on that lonely shore,
My gentle voice shall speak with thee,
Till thy sad dream is o’er.”

The Voice of Home.

THE Voice of Home speaks to the heart
Of pleasure's calm career,
And whispers, "I'm the fairest part
In all this earthly sphere.

"I am a link of mem'ry's chain,
To beautify the past,
And bring those hours of joy again
That were too bright to last.

"I would thy guardian spirit be,
Who nursed thy childish hours,
When thou wert then as wild and free
As the fair summer flowers.

“Return ! return ! where’er thou art ;
No longer must thou roam.
I still am sacred to thy heart ;
I am the Voice of Home !”

The Funeral Dirge.

THE following poem was suggested by an authentic account that the bell of the magnificent steamer, "Atlantic," "is still tolling a dirge over the dead, being suspended on a remnant of the boat, which was caught upon the rocks in such a way that it moves with every flow of the tide. Each wave causes the bell to strike twice."

It is over ! The voice of the tempest is hush'd,
The thunder no longer is pealing ;
And the billows, that lately so furiously rush'd,
Glide calmly, their beauty revealing.

The fair barque, that in majesty travers'd the main,
Has been lost in one vast ocean grave ;
And her bell now is sounding a funeral strain,
As it chimes where the wild waters rave.

On a rock, in the midst of the vast western sea,
It is still the sad requiem singing ;
And these were the words the bell echoed to me,
With awful solemnity ringing—

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I saw one 'mid the storm who strove
Vainly to reach the shore.
He cast to Heav'n a look of love,
And sank, to rise no more.

Weep for the good !

I saw a brave youth, in the strife
 (He had a dauntless hand),
Struggle to save his brother's life.
 They never reached the land.
 Weep for the brave !

Then, borne upon the raging tide,
 I saw a fragile form,
In white attire—a youthful bride,
 She perish'd in the storm.
 Weep for the fair !

I saw a little boy. He wept
 That there was none to save.
The wave, that far his mother swept,
 Roll'd back, and made his grave.
 Weep for the child !

I saw an aged man, who sighed,
And raised his eyes on high :
Grant to thy servant, Lord, he cried,
With those he loved to die.
Weep ye for him !

And, next, that was an awful hour,
So mountainous the sea,
So boundless seemed the ocean's pow'r,
So wild her melody.
Weep for the hour !

'Twas like an avalanche, the roar
Of that stupendous sea.
It tossed the barque on high, and tore
As if in agony.
Weep for the sea !

Then, with a crash, that seem'd to heave
All ocean from her bed,
I saw the sea asunder cleave,
And swallow up her dead.
Weep for the lost !

Still, still, my mournful watch I keep
By that vast ocean grave,
And chime, while the departed sleep,
Their death-knell with the wave.
Weep for the dead !

Reverence;

OR, THE SALIQUE LAW.

THIS poem was suggested by an opinion of Fénelon's, in his work on "Female Education":—

"Les femmes ne doivent ni gouverner l'Etat, ni faire la guerre."

CAN *ye* deny, to whom the earth is giv'n,
That *that* which most ye reverence is Heav'n?
And, next to Heav'n, the ministers who wear
The royal purple, and the camel's hair?
Let not the moralist or sophist start;
I bow before the lowly, loving heart,
Nor blush perfection's ladder to descend,
My intellect before a little child to bend.
Genius alike can lofty thoughts inspire,
Whose altar flames with Promethèan fire.

Divine her treasures, and the gifts she show'rs,
 Whose fruits are fresh from everlasting bowers.
 And deem me neither mystical, nor wild,
 Because I said I reverenc'd a child.

* Some yet may learn, who long this earth have trod,
 How fair the flow'r fresh from the hand of God,
 And own that genius sometimes may disclose
 More than an ordinary preacher knows ;
 That oft a single thought of Love* has done
 More than the prose that touch'd all hearts but one.
 Not that I should refuse allegiance due
 To principalities and princes too ;
 Pow'rs sanction'd by Jehovah's high decree,—
 "He that despiseth you, despiseth me."
 'Tis rather that in *little*, great I see,
 And grieve the *great* should oft so little be.

* "Also, how the beginning of all thought, worth the name,
 is Love; and the wise head never yet was, without first the
 generous heart."—*Carlisle*.

But to my subject, lest irreverence seem,
Kind reader, to disgrace our sacred theme.

Be this apology a fair pretext

For now returning to my pristine text.

*“ Les femmes ne doivent ni gouverner l'État,
Ni faire la guerre.” Pourquoi ? Je ne sais pas ;*

Unless the Reverend Prelate wrote with awe

Upon obedience to the Salique Law,

And that the manuscript in France unfurl'd

By some *mistake* was handed to the world !

*“ Les femmes ne doivent ni gouverner l'État,
Ni faire la guerre.” Nous allons prouver ça.*

Manasse's daughters sought the seer divine,

Nor would their sire's inheritance resign.

“ Why should our father's name be done away

Because he hath no son ? Give us, we pray,

Possessions 'mong our father's ancient race.”

The prophet Moses sought Jehovah's face.

Thus spake the Lord to Moses :—Thou shalt give

The lands to them, nor only while *they* live ;

Perpetual as my own Divine decree
Zelophedad's inheritance shall be.
These daughters speak a right, and they shall dwell
In peace, as did their sires in Israel.

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Thus does the sacred story find a flaw ;
Nay, more, it disannuls the Salique Law,
And proves the lofty intellect may stray,
E'en like the humble, from the Fount of Day,
Which leads us to revere, with child-like awe,
The Word of God, that great primeval law ;
Rememb'ring that, though heav'n and earth decay,
Eternal truth shall never pass away.
And here I pause. Reader, indulgent be ;
Forgive my muse if she hath wearied thee.

Psalm xxiii.

By gentle streams, and verdant plains,
One Guide doth aid afford ;
I have no care since He sustains—
My pastor is the Lord.

A convert of my soul He made,
And to the heav'nly road ;
For his own name sake, when I stray'd,
He led me back to God.

Death's vale is dark, the way is drear,
But thou art with me still :
Danger can never make me fear,
Thy rod protects from ill.

A feast for me thou didst prepare,
When foes were gath'ring round ;
The cup that overflows was there,
My head with oil was crown'd.

Then all things great and good for me
Shall follow as before ;
And while I live my home shall be
God's temple evermore.

Edward the First,

KING OF ENGLAND.

How daring of thee, in thy valorous pride,
To breast the fierce current, to bound o'er the tide,
To launch forth thy bark on that vast northern sea,
And dream that no tempest would gather o'er thee.
How daring to think that thy might could withstand
The glory of Scotland, the pow'r of her hand !
To think thou could'st prostrate her pow'r with a blow,
And rival the martial renown of thy foe.
Yet hush'd be the voice that would slander thy fame,
On the bosom of freedom reposes thy name.
To glory and greatness all hearts would aspire,—
Thy friends will adore, while thy foes must admire.

The Rainbow; or, Hope.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token
between me and the earth."—GENESIS ix. 13.

I.

CLOUDS cannot shroud from Heav'n's all-piercing eye,
Phenomena in nature's destiny.

Thus, when the bolt of vengeance forth was hurled,
God, in his mercy, saved a guilty world:
The "Angel of His Presence" mercy brought,*
And set the terrors of the grave at nought.

* "And the angel of his presence saved them." (Isaiah lxiii. 9.)

II.

More eloquent than language ! Symbol bright !
With blended hues harmonious to the sight ;
In whose soft radiance mortal eye may scan
The bond of friendship between God and Man ;
And, in thy glorious semi-cycle, see
The beams reflected from immensity.

III.

From that ethereal Paradise, whose Son
Shall still endure when orbs their course have run ;
Where, in effulgence, lucid and Divine,
The glory of the King of Heaven shall shine ;
When He, the " faithful and the true," shall say
That " all the former things have passed away."*

IV.

Eternal pledge of hope ! Omniscient plan,
Designed by Heav'n's great Architect for man ;

* Revelation xxi. 4.

Still, in symbolic beauty, be unfurl'd,
The radiant glories of a brighter world;
And man, with faith, behold display'd above
The open volume of Immortal Love.

V.

And may earth's denizens, to whom is giv'n
This glorious type of love and light from Heav'n,
Perceive its import, and with comfort view
The token of the Merciful and True,
And meekly bow to His eternal sway,
Who, out of night, first procreated day!

VI.

Thus, when the moral world in darkness lay,
Night brooded o'er her like a bird of prey;
Then jarring sounds of nameless woe were heard,
And dissonance; till the Eternal Word
Through chaos, in dread accents, rung around,
And discord changed to music's sacred sound.

VII.

'Twas darkness heralded the glorious morn,
When upon earth the Prince of Peace was born ;
Prelude to Nature's Anthem, which was sung,
While Heav'n with angels' acclamations rung,
Ere, God's eternal secret to disclose,
Far in the East the Morning Star arose.

VIII.

If, from a 'stablished order in earth's sphere,
We pre-suppose a Principle is near,
Then ev'n may cold philosophy approve
The great she knows not how to love ;
Constrain'd to limit her terrestrial lore
Within the realm from whence she dare not soar.

IX.

Philosophers aspire to *Cause*, divine,
But Christians bow before Jehovah's shrine,

Convinced that reason has not strength to soar.*
Possessed of faith, and eager to adore,
The Christian seems to mount on angel's wings,
And catch a glimpse of everlasting things.

X.

Through a dark course of ages, he descries
The evidence of love that never dies ;
He trembleth not, though nations wreck'd are cast
Into the ocean of the mighty past ;
Fearless he waits till earth her age renew,
When He who promised shall make "all things new."†

XI.

He knows, though nature's tempests may appal,
And torrents overwhelm this earthly ball ;
Though desolation's robe be 'round her thrown,
Hope bursts in beauty from th' Eternal Throne.

* Massillon.

† Revelation xxi. 1.

"My bow is in the *cloud*;" * that token sure,
Through each succeeding cycle shall endure.

XII.

'Tis hope impels him onward in the strife
Of good and ill—the war of daily life,—
Sustains him when the dearest ties are riv'n,
And guides him on the rugged road to heav'n.
Unfailing when the hour of death draws nigh,
Hope beams, the Rainbow of Eternity.

* Genesis ix. 16.

A Hebrew Melody.

SAUL AND JONATHAN.

“Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.”—

2 SAMUEL I. 26.

THE heights of Gilboa with red tide are streaming,
And warriors no longer of glory are dreaming ;
For the vanquish'd a prey to their dread foes are lying,
And the flower of the hosts of the Hebrews is
dying.

Wisdom ; or, a Dreamy Hour.

AN ALLEGORY.

"Yet some there be that, by due steps, aspire
To lay their just hands on the golden key
That opes the Palace of Eternity."

I.

AFAR, on shadowy heights she stood—
Wisdom her name. Illusions cease ;
The future flashes, fringed with good,
Athwart the fleecy skies of peace.

II.

Light was emblazon'd on her brow ;
Truth gemm'd her diadem sublime ;
Her robes were pure as virgin-vow,
Clasp'd in the golden zone of time.

III.

She spake austere, and her clear voice
Sounded like echoes from the spheres :—
“ I call thee, daughter of my choice ;
Afar my starry throne appears.

IV.

“ O leave awhile the beaten track,
And seek an unfrequented scene ;
To custom pay no duty back :
Be free, as thou hast ever been.

V.

“ Before thee see the vista’d way,
Far stretching to my high abode ;
The golden galleys in array,
And freighted in the ocean-road.

VI.

“ Instinct with life my form appears,
Wingèd with contemplation free.
Time had commingled hopes and fears ;
Apart from these, Eternity !

VII.

“ Gold sparkles in the orient sky ;
Winds waft me on a boundless course ;
The Soul of Ages in mine eye ;
Around me blooms the universe !

VIII.

“ In vain illusion cease to rove.

Rise ! to my lucent orbit rise ! ”

I heeded not ; the clouds above

Curtain'd her form from mortal eyes.

IX.

Then fancy rear'd her dazzling shrine ;

Bright visions of the past arose.

I flew where spirits, all Divine,

By Eden's gates of light repose.

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A crystal sea, harmonious waving,
Its tide of light the gold sands laving,
Glided where coral-rocks were glowing,
By shining jasper-islets flowing,
In fancy's fair domain.

Submarine, lovely hues combining,
Where many-branching stems, entwining
With coral-blossoms, calix-moulded,
Fair ocean-plants pure flowers unfolded,
In fancy's fair domain.

Afar, o'er ruby strand ascending,
And pearl-enamell'd pathway wending,
Tower'd the ambrosial hills, that bounded
Meads, by gold palisades surrounded,
In fancy's calm domain.

And, all along, the lawns were smiling
With amaranth-blossoms, love-beguiling,
Where groves their fragrance sweet were blending
With the diamond-dews descending,
In fancy's rare domain.

The orb of endless day was limning
High, marble cliffs, where myrtle, twining,
Channell'd a rapid amber river,
O'er bed of jewels rolling ever,
In fancy's bright domain.

Cradled 'neath lilies, rocks, aslanting,
Lay a magnolia grove, enchanting
Zephyrs like choral-bells were ringing,
In concert with the bulbul singing,
In fancy's sweet domain.

Nymphs, an aërial band, are trooping
Near a fount, where jasmine, drooping,
And woodbine, all in wildness straying,
Garlanded jets, dew-limpid playing,
In fancy's pure domain.

Lo ! from a silver fountain springing,
A spirit rose, divinely singing,
Like a flash of summer lightning,
Grove, alcove, and flower-bell bright'ning,
In fancy's fair domain.

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Song of the Spirit of Love.

FROM a purer sphere I rise,
Source of higher destinies.
 Thither thou must follow,
 Down the lurid hollow,
Along the heavenward way,
 With angels in array.
Mortal, seek calm wisdom's palace-gate
 Yonder waits, in silent state,
Virtue, with her wreath of peace.
Mortal, from illusion cease !

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VII.

The Spirit's song had died away ;
I felt new views and thoughts arise,
With laws that conscience might obey.
Was it an angel in disguise ?

VIII.

I fled the shadows of the past,
And scaled the steep ascent alone ;
Content, if wisdom gave, at last,
An answer from her shining throne.

IX.

Life seems a sweet and bitter thing,
With less of age, and more of youth ;
Not bright, yet blessèd, if it bring
To light the polar star of truth.

X.

Existence, now no longer mute,
Awaking from long years' repose—
As to Amphion's silver lute
The Theban walls responsive rose—

XI.

Rears her high form ; soul, mind, and heart
Develop'd ; till she seems to wear
The character of God-like art,
Molten in love, and moulded fair.

XII.

Noble, the noble-seeking soul
Which, all unmoved by form and hue,
Can analyze the complex whole—
Cast off the false, and grasp the true.

XIII.

Deeper, and wider, onward strive ;
And, mounting upwards, higher soar :
Onwards, if more to truth alive,
Nearer to wisdom's palace-door.

XIV.

More reverent, as I near'd the height,
Around me wreathy glory shone ;
Wisdom unveil'd her brow of light,
I kiss'd the footstool of her throne.

XV.

Her deep, time-fathoming eye flash'd fire,
I felt the thunder scorch my soul ;
Her stately form rose ever higher,
Beneath I heard the thunder roll.

XVI.

“It is the end,” she spake at last,
“And thou art mine. No more again
The present, future, or the past,
Can vex thy soul with pang or stain.

XVII.

“‘It is the end,’ and thou hast won,
Tho’ hardly hadst thou gain’d the goal;
Thine be my sacred key and crown,*
Virtue the orbit of thy soul.”

* The key of mystery, and the crown of truth.

The Child's First Dream.

WHY dost thou gaze upon the azure skies
So long, with thy dark, deep, and pensive eyes ?
Dost thou count the rays of the glorious sun,
So radiantly bright, my own cherish'd one ?
Thou art not sad, for around thy young brow
No cloud of sorrow is lingering now.
Say, dost thou number the birds free and wild,
As they soar above thee, my thoughtful child ?

Loved Mother, I look up to heav'n to see
If to-day the angels will come for me.
My thoughts were beyond these cloudless skies ;
And, but last night, I was in Paradise.

The skies roll'd off, like smoke in tempest curl'd,
And I beheld a new and heav'nly world.
I was most happy; angels bore me there,
While soft sweet voices mingled with the air;
Fair faces smiled around me, pure and bright.
Mother! will they come back for me to-night?

.

It was a dream, my child, whose lustre bright
Kindled thy fancy with its glowing light.
It was the first glad dream of thy young life,
Ere thou hast mingled in its toil and strife:
It was a streamlet from the Fount of Joy
Murmuring to thee, my little, blooming boy.

May guardian angels tend thee still, my child,
Shedding their influence o'er thy spirit mild;
And may the high and holy God, whose love
The saints and angels magnify above,

Look down on thee, and, with his kindly hand,
Lead thee, at last, to that bright, heav'nly land
Where there is neither pain, nor death, nor night,
But everlasting life, and love, and light.



Lines

WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

THE hour was hush'd, the busy day was still,
Ere I could bend my footsteps to the hill *
Where had been hewn thy grave, and there recall
The past with reverence, and think of all.

The kindly glance, the sympathetic smile,
When kindred thoughts would kindred minds beguile,
Unvarying kindness, open and sincere,
Mark'd our tried friendship in this lower sphere.

* The cemetery which encloses the grave alluded to is situated on an eminence overlooking the sea.

72 LINES WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

And can it cease? Oh no! Thy spirit still,
In angel brightness, hovers where it will
On earth, and in that land where nights and days
No longer interrupt thy course of praise,
And sheds a halo o'er thy hallowed grave,
Like the pure stars above the glittering wave.

To _____

I would that I could fathom all thy soul,
Explore its secret essence, and behold
Within that unknown universe of mind
Another hemisphere, a brighter world.
Would that I could draw aside the veil which
Covers thy calm spirit, when we converse
Of all of best and highest here on earth.
Methinks I should be gladden'd could I know
The path thou treadest to the Fount of Light ;
Thus have seen creation shroud herself
In gloomy garb, even in broad noonday,
Till, through lurid haze, pierced the faint glories
Of a sun unseen.

The Antelope Hunter.

The chase described in the following poem took place in India.

“HALLOO ! what yonder meets my sight,
 Bounding far, with footsteps light ?
Onward, my brothers, to the chase ;
 He rides the best who wins the race.” *

The huntsman loosed his Arab's rein,
 Then laid it on his silken mane ;
Swift as the wind the courser flew.
 His master cheered ; that voice he knew.

* See Butler's "Hudibras."

Like lightning, on the hunters speed,
The foremost still the Arab steed.
Now up some stony hills they bound,
Now downwards, over fearful ground.

At length they near a craggy height.
Four halted, giddy at the sight ;
But, with one bound, that courser bore
His fearless rider safely o'er.

The hunter views with eager eyes
The antelope, his single prize.
He recks not of the dang'rous way ;
He knows the hounds have seized their prey.

And still the fleet and breathless steed
Bounds onward, with redoubled speed.
Again an awful " nullah " * clear'd ;
Once more his master loudly cheer'd.

* A nullah is a chasm caused by constant and steady rains.

“ Well done, my beautiful ! ’tis won ;
The work my trusty dogs have done.”
Then to the ground he lightly sprung,
One arm around his Arab flung.

He loosed his favourite’s trappings there,
Better to breathe the mountain air.
Oft in the East this tale is told
Of the young Indian hunter bold.

Twilight.

AROUND, above, soft murmurs thrill,
Whose echoes sweetly rise,
As if spirit would to spirit tell
Some thought, just ere it dies.

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Now the soft light more bright appears,
Or, flickering, fades again ;
While hosts of dark, envenom'd fears
Poison the hearts of men.

.

Thus, for some sad, uncertain hours,
Does hope forsake our sky ;
Tho' in the mist of doubt, the flow'rs
Of love unfaded lie.

Remember Me !

REMEMBER me ! when morning bright,
Sheds a pure golden glow,
And when, like a glad stream of light,
The silv'ry waters flow.

Remember me ! when glorious day
Shines forth supremely fair ;
When nature's flowers, so sweet and gay,
The loveliest colours wear.

Remember me ! when moonbeams throw
Their magic charms around ;
And when the breezes gently blow,
Like music's softest sound.

Remember me ! when evening hour
Hath lost its mellow light ;
When, like the fair and shrinking flow'r,
It folds itself in night.

The Seasons.

"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." (GENESIS viii. 22.)

I.

SEE verdant Spring, in budding beauty, stand,
The fair production of her Maker's hand !
Green, as of yore, awaking from her sleep,
Fresh, as when first emerging from the deep.

II.

Resplendent Summer, rich in fruits and flow'rs,
Appears, and brings her tide of golden hours,
With boundless skies, encanopied above,
Only less boundless than celestial love.

III.

Autumn comes onward, with majestic mien,
Who soon with desolation strews the scene,
And, in the might of her tempestuous wrath,
Prepares her conqueror, dread Winter's path.

IV.

He comes, and, on each eminence and plain,
Lays his cold hand upon his vast domain ;
While, grand in careless majesty, he throws
His snowy mantle o'er him for repose.

V.

Sublimely beautiful, in order roll
The seasons onward, "an harmonious whole."
O boundless ingenuity of mind !
Conferring endless blessings on mankind.

VI.

Astounding pow'r of goodness, when we turn
Our gaze within, and higher things discern ;
Where once was void, a new creation see
Rise on the waters of infinity.

VII.

Transcendent fabric of creative love,
Whose glories draw the earthly gaze above
All temporal beauties and delights, to view
Awhile the everlasting and the true.

VIII.

Beyond the veil which screens the shining spheres,
Unknown to sorrow, and undimm'd by tears,
Let faith pierce through, with bright and trusting gaze,
In silent adoration of His ways,

IX.

Who, though himself no change of time can know,
Approves the seasons as they onward go,
Bids day and night successively appear,
And blesses earth in each revolving year.

X.

Faith will gaze on, till Heav'nly pow'r display
The light ineffable of endless day ;
The holy ground by saints and angels trod !
The pure and golden palaces of God ! *

* See Revelation xxi. 18.

M. C.

ALL around was dark and dreary,
Trav'lers few were on that road ;
One we loved was faint and weary,
Drawing daily nearer God.

Yet we knew not death was low'ring
Dimly o'er a victim's head,
That his form was darkly tow'ring
Nightly nigh a mother's bed.

Only when the light had faded
From her brow, and she was gone,
Could we know death had invaded,
Weigh the work that he had done.

At the past I sadly wonder,
 'Mid the funèrèal gloom ;
Bygone thoughts, o'er which I ponder,
 Now seem omens of the tomb.

And I know death hath been dwelling
 For some days within our home,
Gently, hour by hour, foretelling
 That to call one he had come.

O'er a grave mine eyes are bending.
 Hour of sadness and of pain !
May I see a form ascending,
 And the dead come forth again.

Lord, who prayed for Laz'rus, weeping
 For his sisters and for him,
Take her spirit to thy keeping.
 Dona ei Requiem.

FRAGMENT OF
A Legend of the Rhine.

The following Fragment was suggested by a work, in prose, by
Grattan, entitled "Legends of the Rhine."

I.

NEAR to the walls of Hirzenach, in Šwabia's northern
land,
Two ruin'd castles, Liebenstein and Sternfels, proudly
stand,
Gigantic, tow'ring o'er the steep, they meet the
wanderer's eye,
Monuments of the olden time, and age of chivalry.

II.

Nature had shed her gifts around ; crag, dell, and
stream were there ;
The tendrils of the graceful vine were waving in the
air ;
And sounds of many voices from the woods and
waters came,
Which seemed to sing in chorus some departed
chieftain's fame.

III.

Those ancient halls of Liebenstein were once a hero's
pride,
When Conrad, far from tented field, his daughter by
his side,
Forgot the tournament, and hung his matchless lance
on high,
With casque, and shield, and coat of mail, and laid
his banner by.

IV.

The loveliest daughter of the land, and idol of her
sire,

Erilda's maiden charms were sung to many a min-
strel's lyre.

So good, and gentle-hearted, and so beautiful to view,
She seemed to add to woman's light an angel's lustre
too.*

V.

Though now the brow of Sternfels in ruin'd beauty
lowers,

The gallant Eberhard once dwelt within its stately
towers.

So daring in the battle-field, so knightly in the hall,
The generous Count of Eberhard was known and
lov'd by all.

* "And yet a creature pure and bright,
With something of an angel's light."

— Wordsworth.

VI.

His gentle bride had droop'd away like a fair summer
flow'r,

But left a beauteous bud to grace his widow'd nuptial
bow'r.

Long wept the Lord of Eberhard, tho' his sorrow
was not wild,

For each year his heart was gladden'd by his dear
and princely child.

VII.

The flow'r of chivalry he grew, a brave and noble
boy!

Pride of a long ancestral line ! his father's hope and
joy.

With child-like gallantry he woo'd Count Conrad's
daughter fair,

Her bridal troth had plighted been to Sternfels'
youthful heir.

VIII.

And warmly glow'd the warriors' hearts their children's love to see,
As dearer grew the day-dream bright of happy infancy.
Two hearts were bounding high, at will, on hope's enchanted ground,
Where disappointment never casts its dark'ning shade around.

IX.

Twin souls they seem'd, that wondrous tie, and dearest earth can know,
For what are ties of blood to those which friendship can bestow ?
Disparity of mind and taste ! discordant hopes and views ;
O what a jarring world they make to that the heart would choose.

X.

Together they the glowing page of history would
scan,
Or con some fav'rite bard who sung the chivalry of
man ;
Their minds were link'd mysteriously, a sympathetic
whole ;
Love was the talisman which gave one impulse to the
soul !

XI.

Oft was a mimic tourney held in Sternfels' shaded
bow'rs,
Where little Harold broke his lance amid a field of
flow'rs ;
While near him, ready to reward, with smiles and
winning mien,
Erilda stood, his lady-love, the youthful Beauty
Queen !

XII.

So near those lordly castles rear'd their tow'rs of
lofty height,
At eve the broad, dark battlements of one reflected
light
Upon the other's sentinels, who then could faintly
catch
The whisper'd sounds they knew so well, their
mutual words of watch.

XIII.

No captive's voice of woe was heard within those
castle walls,
Nor did oppression chill the mirth that echoed
through their halls.
Conrad and Eberhard were chiefs as good as they
were brave,
They number'd many faithful serfs, but not one
abject slave.

XIV.

Like glimmering lights they seemed to shine in the
 horizon grey,
 Gilding the early dawn ere rose civilization's day ;
 Unlike those feudal lords whose swords were wielded
 but to awe,
 They temper'd pow'r with clemency, for virtue was
 their law.

XV.

Long shall their names remember'd be, when not a
 stone shall stand
 Sternfels and Liebenstein to mark in Allemannia's
 land,
 Like Uhland's be the poet's task, all sweet things to
 rehearse,
 And let all noble, daring themes be chronicl'd in
 verse.

(To be continued, if a Second Edition should be issued.)

Song.

O STAY not on that foreign shore
Until my life's glad dream is o'er,
Until the spell that hope had cast,
And all that made it dear, is past.

O linger not where orange-bow'rs,
And cloudless skies, enchant the hours,
Where every landscape is most fair,
For beauty's hand hath rested there.

But come, and, with the breezes free,
And with the green and waving tree,
And in the hour of sunny glee,
My voice and smile shall welcome thee.

Then come, the summer flow'rs are blown,
Their sweets I would not share alone;
Without thy spirit, bright and free,
Earth were a wilderness to me.



ON THE ORIGIN OF

Schiller's Hymn to Joy.

The following piece was suggested by the origin of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy," which is thus related by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton:—

"Schiller, when at Leipsic, or its vicinity, saved a poor student of Theology, impelled by destitution, and the fear of starvation, from drowning himself in the river Pleisse. Schiller gave him what money he had, obtained his promise to relinquish the thought of suicide, at least while the money lasted, and, a few days afterwards, amidst the convivialities of a marriage-feast, related the circumstance so as to affect all present. A subscription was made, which enabled the student to complete his studies, and ultimately to enter an official situation. Elated with the success of his humanity, it is to 'Humanity' that Schiller consecrated his ode."

I.

GIVE honour to the Christian bard,
Loud let the gen'rous heart respond
Unto the God-like love that knit
His soul in brotherhood's wide bond.

II.

Kindl'd with universal love,
Each feeling tuned to harmony,
He gave an impulse to the age
Who glorified humanity.

III.

Immortal be the parent-deed,
That nurs'd the consecrated theme,
Ere from the fount of glory flow'd
The pure elysian stream.*

* "Joy—thou Elysian Child divine."—*Schiller*.

IV.

Historians chronicle the great,
 And mark the ground where heroes stood ;
 But poets own a holier cause
 When they perpetuate the good.

V.

Hence flow'd the heav'nly hymn of joy
 That waked Germannia's poet's lyre
 To such a transcendental strain
 Of pure ethereal fire.

VI.

Kindred with angel's happiness,
 To claim celestial birth !
 And, in the harmony of love,*
 Create a heav'n on earth.

* "Let all the world be peace and love."—*Schiller*.

The Marriage of the Seasons.

BRIGHT was the azure sky above,
When thus the poet cried :—
“ Be spring *our* winter’s lady-love !
The summer, autumn’s bride ! ”

The Priest of Nature.

(SUGGESTED BY THE PRECEDING STANZA.)

ALIKE a blessing or a curse,
At nature’s hallow’d shrine,
The poet of the universe
Interprets truth Divine.

Psalm cxxxi.

PRIDE reigns not in my heart, O Lord,

Mine is no haughty mien ;

I do not search above thy Word

The wondrous things unseen ;

But, with a spirit meek and mild,

Demeaned me as a weaned child.

O Israel, hope in God Most High,

Now, and to all eternity.

To J. C.

I HAVE seen thee in thy sorrow,
And have mark'd thee in thy joy ;
Thou wert amiable in both,
My brother, dearest boy !

I have proved thy noble heart,
And have mark'd thy op'ning mind ;
And I have traced each feeling.
Thou never wert unkind.

'Tis no wonder though I love thee,
With thine ardour and thy truth ;
For candour, and a feeling heart,
Are so beautiful in youth.

When sad, I miss the winning smile
That could chase away my sigh,
And the bright glance of happiness
That oft lighted up thine eye.

In hours of joy I miss thy voice,
Thy form, in ev'ry spot ;
By those, my brother, dear to thee,
Thou never art forgot.

The Exiles.

A BALLAD.

I.

THE sun was bursting into sight,
Array'd in robes of golden light ;
And ev'ry leaf, and tree, and flower
Rejoiced in his reviving power ;

II.

When forth I stroll'd. The summer air,
And all around, was fresh and fair ;
Above, heav'n's most ethereal blue,
Beneath, earth's richest verdant hue.

III.

I started early, to have time

Mount Breven's craggy side to climb ;
From whence I might descend, and see
The lovely vale of Chamouny.

IV.

Through verdant plains my steps I bent,
Nor halted at the steep ascent.
Mont Blanc's cold brow above me smil'd,
Sublime, and beautiful, and wild.

V.

Glorious scene, where varying shades,
Glaciers, streams, and wooded glades,
Harmonize, in one bright whole,
With the Child of Nature's soul.

VI.

The poet views as holy ground
The vast sublimity around ;
In landscapes, cataracts, and storms,
His mind reflects a thousand forms.

VII.

And builds the everlasting walls,
To whom, in these terrestrial halls,
The golden lyre of love is giv'n
To echo angels' songs from heav'n.

VIII.

In Chamouny's green vale I stand,
Where pine-trees tow'r on either hand,
And cliffs, whose craggy heights between,
The bounding chamois may be seen.

IX.

A glitt'ring stream is dashing by ;
And now a cottage door I spy,
Open, as cottage doors do stand
In hospitable Switzerland.

X.

But who is this, with pensive face,
Whose step is full of maiden grace ;
Whose eyes a lofty meaning wear,
Whose brow is bright, and wondrous fair ?

XI.

Who is this, who well might stand
Amid the noblest of the land,
Simply clad in modest guise,
Far from gorgeous pageantries ?

XII.

Maiden, have thy day-dreams vanished ?
From thy heart has love been banished ?
Wherefore must thou dwell unseen,
Daughter of a lofty mien ?

XIII.

Amid this scenery sublime,
This cold, but not unkindly clime,
I see, in those dark, thoughtful eyes,
A link with nature's harmonies.

XIV.

Attracted by the morning light,
Which played among the glaciers bright,
I wandered to Chamouny's shade ;
Too far, I fear, the wand'rer strayed.

XV.

The lady said, "The scene is fair,
And joyous, too, the summer air ;
But rare it is that stranger good
Thus interrupts our solitude.

XVI.

"Exiles from our ancestral home,
On Continental ground we roam.
We are not surnamed as of yore,
For once a noble name we bore.

XVII.

"Bloodshed, the scourge of nations, came,
Enveloped in its kindling flame,
Scotland proclaim'd her Royal Lord ;
Her sons swore fealty by the sword.

XVIII.

“On heath-clad hills, and valleys green,
Her armèd chiefs and hosts were seen,
With claymores, and with shields array’d;
The Royal Standard they display’d.

XIX.

“Bravely the valiant fought and fell;
But few were left their fate to tell.
Their liege-lord sought a foreign shore;
His crown was lost, his dreams were o’er.

XX.

“With these our fathers’ fathers stood,
And seal’d the cov’nant with their blood.
Their lands were forfeited; their fame
Immortalized the Stuart name.”

Written at Sea,

ON BOARD THE SHIP "JOHN LINE."

Lat. 25° 21' S.

Long. 30° 15' W.

BY J. CRUIKSHANK. (ADDRESSED TO HIS SISTER, M. H. C.)

I.

How sweet, when far from friends we love,
Beneath a foreign sky,
To know that we are borne in mind
By those for whom we sigh.

II.

To know that hearts most kind and true,
Unscathed by earthly blight,
Each morn and eve do pray for him
Who left them for the fight.

III.

Such is the love that guards my heart
Through ev'ry clime I roam ;
I know, whate'er may be my fate,
I am beloved at home.

IV.

At *home* ! There's magic in the word
To melt the soldier's heart ;
Amid life's changing, chequered scene,
Its spell can ne'er depart.

V.

This spell shall nerve my heart and hand,
Till happier days shall come,
And long-loved friends again shall meet
Within our peaceful home.

